

# PUNCH

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## Charivaria

"HERR HITLER has caused more talk than any other man in the world," says RAYMOND GRAM SWING. Except perhaps ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, who invented the telephone.

This year, because of the need for fat, German people can have strawberries but must do without the cream. Next year, if all goes well, they can have the straw but must do without the berries.

### Here's Greatness.

"GOERING WILL REVIEW HEROES' PARADE  
SAILING TO HAMBURG IN FIVE LINERS,"  
*Dundee Courier and Advertiser.*

### An Impending Apology

"The watermain is the property of the Lowestoft Water and Gas Company which had burst."—*From a Trade Catalogue.*

"I often wake up in the middle of the night and think about my children," says a novelist. Ours don't come in very quietly either.

"A father should study his family at breakfast," says a writer. He may, for all we know, through a hole he makes in his newspaper.

Instructions to an amateur conjurer begin: "Take two ping-pong balls and a serviette." A more refined performance can be given with two table-tennis balls and a table napkin.

According to an authority, rabbits will sometimes bite their way through a net. Wimbledon champions have a more stylish method of getting to the other side.



"Nobody who has not tasted sheep cooked whole, stuffed with savoury rice mixed with almonds and spices, chickens roasted inside the sheep, and hard-boiled eggs inside the chickens, surmounting huge mounds of rice, can know how delicious mutton can really taste."—*The Times.*

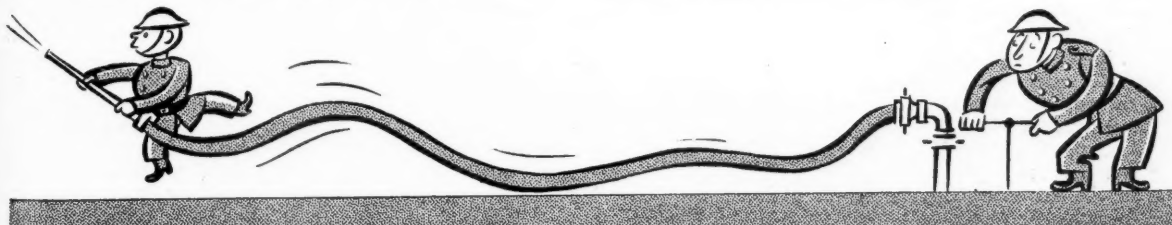
What, nothing inside the rice?

"The League also has a Blue Cross Branch for drivers and horse-keepers, and this is 2/6 a year, which entitles you to a free entry in the Pony and Donkey Show, and also to the loan of a loin cloth during the winter months."—*Animal Welfare Society Circular.*

What more do you want for half-a-crown?

A woman writer wonders why the modern youth seems to prefer buying a car to getting married. He probably realises that it is easier to back out of a garage.

An M.P. says his son, anxious to do his bit, is prepared to start at the bottom of the ladder. He could become a member of the Auxiliary Fire Service.





*"Would Moddom care to try our 'Not-quite-so-slim, Not-quite-so-young' Salon?"*

## The World's Fair

IT was perhaps inevitable that on the triumphal inauguration of the British Pavilion at the World's Fair, New York, it should have proved impracticable to give a detailed description of all the many fascinating exhibits contained in that new "Showcase of Empire." Our Special American Correspondent, who has studied most of the photographs and who is, moreover, a man of considerable imagination, has now more leisure to devote to its many treasures.

Perhaps the most original exhibit is that arranged by the Law Society in conjunction with the Amalgamated Institute of Funeral Directors and Cemetery Owners. It occupies a modest space in the Lower Basement and is immediately to the right of the exhibit of the Accountants (Chartered, Incorporated, Registered, Corporate, and Just Plain).

Over the entrance stands the traditional figure of Justice, a matronly lady

appropriately dressed in the fashion of some twenty centuries ago, holding the Sword (slightly notched) in one hand and in the other the remains of a pair of Scales. It is unfortunate that the bandage over her eyes has fallen slightly, but steps are of course being taken to remedy this. It is interesting to recall that the American Law Association, on seeing the damaged condition of the exhibit, offered to supply a more modern statue—actually, rumour said, a male figure, for which Boris Karloff posed, dressed as a G-man. The offer was laughingly refused by Sir Dives Batten (President of the Law Society, 1885), who opened the exhibit. "We are quite content with the old model," he said. "It has served us very well"—a sally that delighted the American lawyers present.

The central tableau is a representation of a typical English police court. Above the body of the court sit

the magistrates, the Chairman (ear-trumpet in hand) leaning forward to catch a glimpse of the prisoner immediately below him. The composition of the Bench has been made as representative as possible. To the Chairman's right sits the man who is obviously the local grocer, leaning back in his chair, his eyes closed. To his left is the trade union official, a man now spending the evening of his days, after a lifetime of political activity, in dispensing justice or law to his fellows. The fourth member, sitting rather apart from the others, is a lady, engrossed in her engagement book. Below the Chairman is that most important person, the Clerk to the Court, an elderly solicitor who is writing in long-hand the depositions of the prosecuting witness, a young police constable. A notice says that the accused, a young man of hang-dog appearance, is being summoned for riding

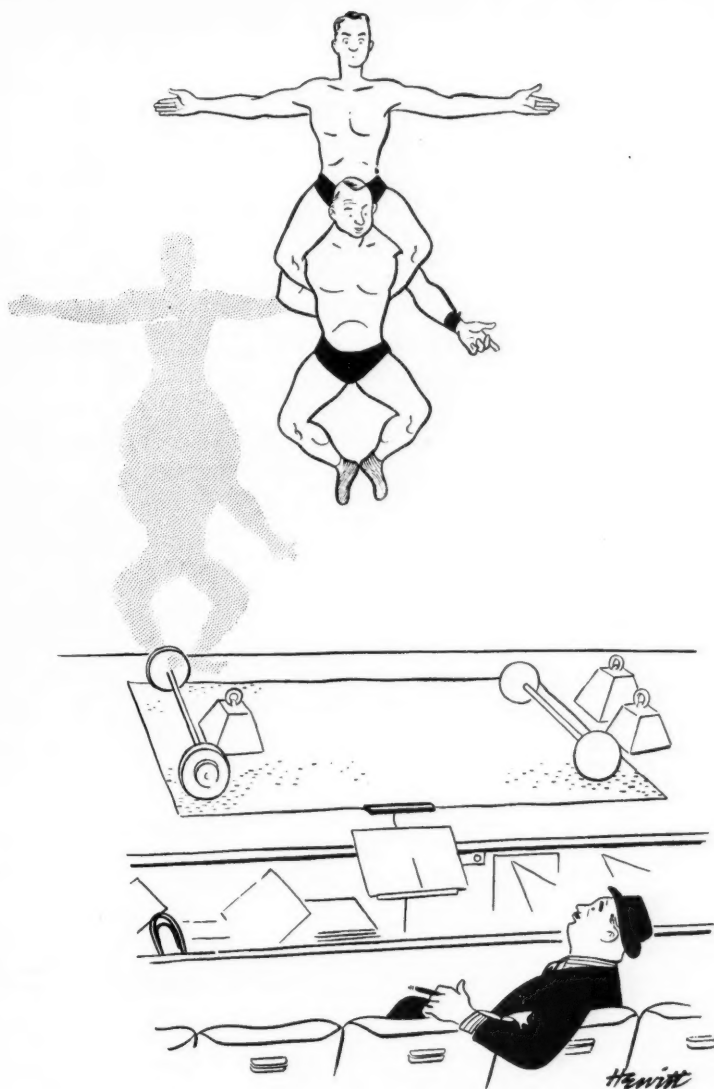
a pedal-cycle without a rear reflector. The whole scene has a remarkably lifelike, though static, appearance.

Hardly less striking is the tableau "Reading the Will." Here is a typically British middle-class family, fresh from the funeral, listening eagerly to the last wishes of a deceased testator (not shown). In the background is the undertaker, while for the sake of completeness there are also included in the tableau an inspector of taxes, a medical practitioner and two specialists, a nursing-home matron, a Commissioner of Inland Revenue, a Principal Probate Registrar, a Registrar of Births, Marriages and Deaths, a cemetery director, a coroner, and a life assurance company inspector, to illustrate the many facets of the principal unfortunate event. In front are specimen tables of the cost in England of the various functions illustrated, starting with a specimen bill of costs for preparing the will and continuing through the medical fees and nursing-home charges to the funeral director's account and the tables of estate duty.

A companion exhibit is "Executing the Settlement." The gay young faces of the bride and groom, the elated appearance of the solicitor-trustee, the rather more sombre aspect of the bride's father (who has made the settlement), the frankly sobbing figure of the bride's mother are all typical of their counterparts in real life.

In between the two are framed copies of the various Acts of Parliament relating to Matrimonial Causes, some original bills of costs in some famous causes (that presented to the Earl of Mute in the notorious 1907 divorce is a magnificent achievement), all of which are surmounted by a signed photograph of Mr. A. P. Herbert, M.P.

Some interesting original documents are available for inspection. A slim volume contains the Rent Acts; surrounding it are twenty-five bound volumes of judicial decisions on what it means. The original cheque for the highest counsel's fee ever known to be paid (it was received by Sir Benjamin Blandish in the case of *Thames Conservancy v. The Chorlton-cum-Hardy Sewage Disposal Board*) is framed in bullet-proof glass. Near it are tables showing the salaries paid to court missionaries. A short account of the activities of the Milk Marketing Board stands close by some original records of the Court of Star Chamber. An amusing exhibit consists of extracts from *Hansard* showing what various Cabinet Ministers have said various Bills have been intended to mean, placed alongside the judicial interpretation of the same Bills after they



"Afraid Bert's ill—but this'll give you the idea."

have become Acts of Parliament. The crowning exhibit of all, Magna Carta, is not for some reason shown in this section.

In short, one may say that the whole exhibit conforms to the highest standard of English life and civilisation. The entrance fee of six-and-eightpence is very moderate in the circumstances, and letters may be sent to any lawyer in the British Empire at a cost of three-and-sixpence each.

The World's Fair is, after all, for Americans. They want to see the fountain-head of all that they hold

most dear in their own system. One cannot but think that the majority of them will repeat, as they pass on to some other part of the British Pavilion, those striking words of their President, Abraham Lincoln: "The price of Justice is infernally extravagant."

"The headquarters, it was stated, had to be stated, had to be changed from the King's Head, and it was announced at Wotton and Cam was £17 7s. 2d."—*Local Paper*.

See why they moved?

## Balkania on the Air

"ABOUT this Bibbicee," said Captain Romanescu, "—you know him very well? To-morrow I go to see him for somm very nice business, I think. It is very interesting.

"Jost now in Balkania is many chenges of the government. All this Conservative opposition is finish by somm very nice new rule, very clever. It is like this. All member of parliament most no more bring gon into the parliament, only if he is soldier also. All soldier most no more be member of parliament, only if he is also Liberal Democrat member for government side. By this it is very dangerous Conservative member comming to parliament, because there is always this government soldiers is clinning their gons in the parliament and two-three times there is somm eccident, Conservative member is killed. By so it is better, I think, because all this Conservative is bendit from the mountain, not progressive.

"This is very nice for the government also because now there is possible to mekk somm new ministry also moch big finance, very modern, democratic. One of this new ministry is Ministry for Propaganda. Miranos, my old friend—you know him?—he is the chief. This ministry is for titching other contry how Balkania is big, modern, democrat contry, clinn hotels, lovely for the investment.

"Miranos say to me, 'Romanescu, you hev many friends of the English Government. You onderstend very well this contry. You most mekk for me moch English propaganda—for the newspaper, for the radio, and so on. You cen do this?'

"Of course this is very easy for me. I stoddy very moch the English Radio Bibbicee. I know very well all the English costum, the gemms and the jock, and so on. At once I write somm very nice spitches for Bibbicee, jost like the English broadcast. To-morrow I go to Bibbicee,



"So the Dragon ate Saint George, and everybody lived happily ever after."

I say to him: 'Here is somm broadcast is very interesting for you about Balkania. Charge for this is nothing. You cen tekk this to Mr. Ogilvie, say to him: "Here is somm nice broadcast spitches about Balkania I hev write myself, I think it is very good." Maybe he will give you five-ten pounds, I do not know.' By so I think Bibbicee will mekk this broadcast.

"Bot I ridd you somm of this broadcast, you cen see. This is English popular style, spitch of eristocret, his nemm is Christopher, with working Bibbicee, his nemm is Lionel.

"Christopher: Hollo, Lionel, where are you being since so long? I did not see you.

Lionel: This is because I am always trevelling in Europe since this time, Christopher. I hev mekk somm very nice trevels.

Christopher: What is this contry you are trevelling in Europe? Is this Germany? Is this France? Is this maybe Russia?

Lionel: No, Christopher, this is nonn of soch contries I am trevelling. This is large modern contry, his nemm is Balkania.

Christopher: Ho, this is very interesting for the listeners, Lionel. Maybe you will like to spikk sommthing about this. How is this contry like?

Lionel: This is lovely contry, Christopher, very nice, democrat contry, jost like England. In Borella is many fine buildings, also soon maybe there is underground. This is very nice speculation for English company, I think.

Christopher: Ho, this is surprise for me, Lionel, I hev not heard of soch before. How is the hotels in this Balkania? Is this dirty with bogs, like in Dardania?

Lionel: It is interesting for you to say this, I cen spikk about it very well. This is all lying about dirty hotels in Balkania. All this first-class hotels in Balkania is more then clinn. There is no bogs at all. Every morning is put all this powder for the bogs on the floor, in the bed, on the wall, ivven on the ceiling, is most particular. It is like Carlton or Ritz, or any other. Ivven if you tekk somm bogs into soch hotel this menegement will soon kill him.

Christopher: How is this pippel of Balkania? Are they nice pippel like the English?

Lionel: Pippel in Balkania are very nice, very soft heart, very jolly.

Christopher: Maybe this pippel in Balkania play somm gemms. Do they play cricket?

Lionel: Jost now, no; bot sommtimes, maybe. If somm English company is starting this cricket in Balkania it is soon very popular, I think.

Christopher: What kind of gemm is this is now pledd in Balkania? Is this football maybe? Is this ressing?

Lionel: No, it is nonn of this. In Balkania now is very popular national gemm called *bulutrasti*, very encient.

Christopher: How is it to play this *bulutrasti*? Is it pledd with the ball? Is it with the dice? Is it with the card? Tell this listener sommthing about this.

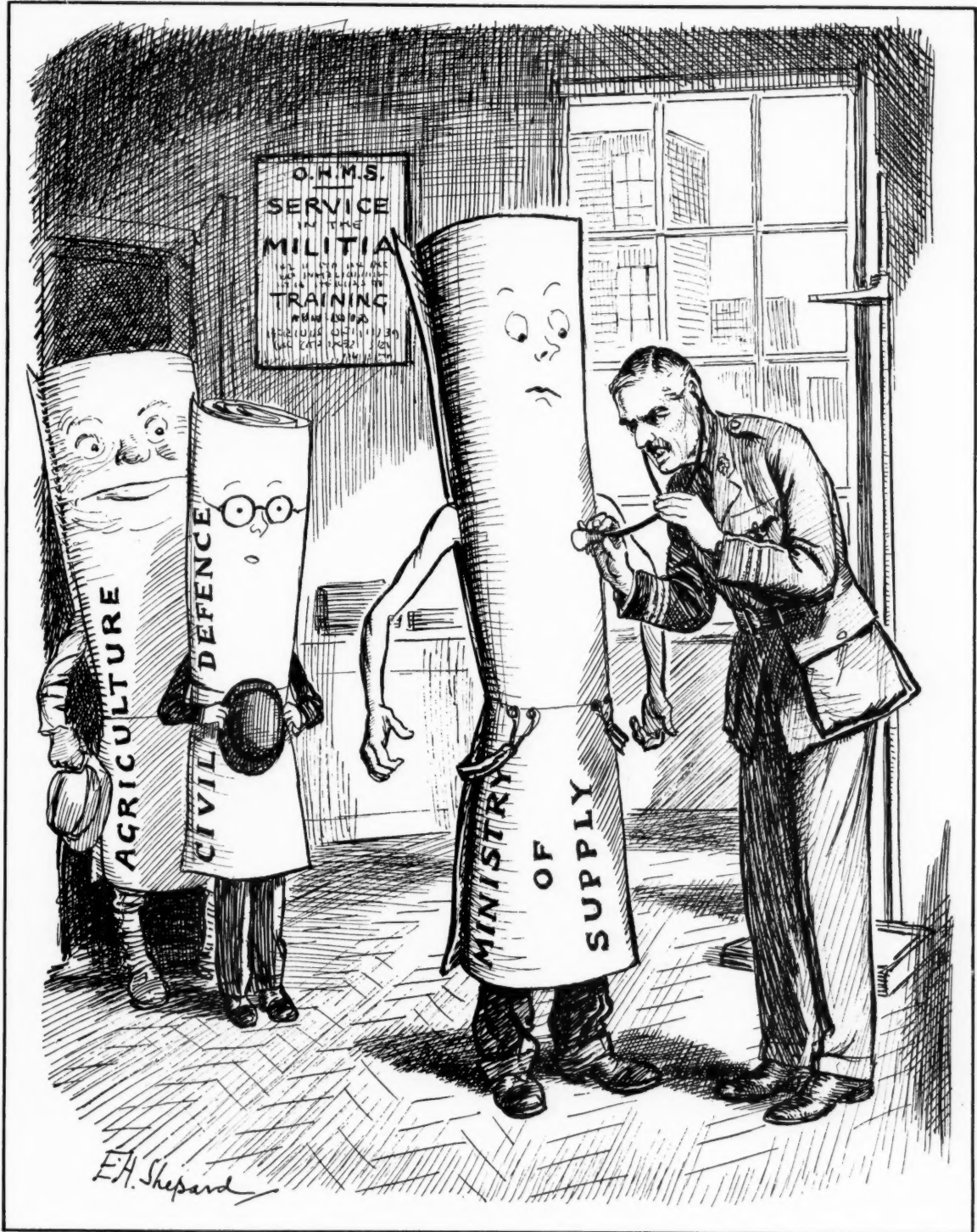
Lionel: No, this is pledd with somm large iron ring with many spike. It is gemm to throw this ring at somm men of other timm. If this cen hit him it is one. If this cannot hit him it is nothing, then other timm cen hit this men with somm iron stick, and this is one for another. Then once more and again.

Christopher: This sound very nice sporting gemm. Maybe sommtimes we cen send somm English timms to Balkania to play this gemm.

"And so on. There is sommthing you most tell me. I hev somm small Balkanian carpet, very nice for present. You think I tekk this inside with me to Bibbicee? Is it better leaving it outside in the taxi?"

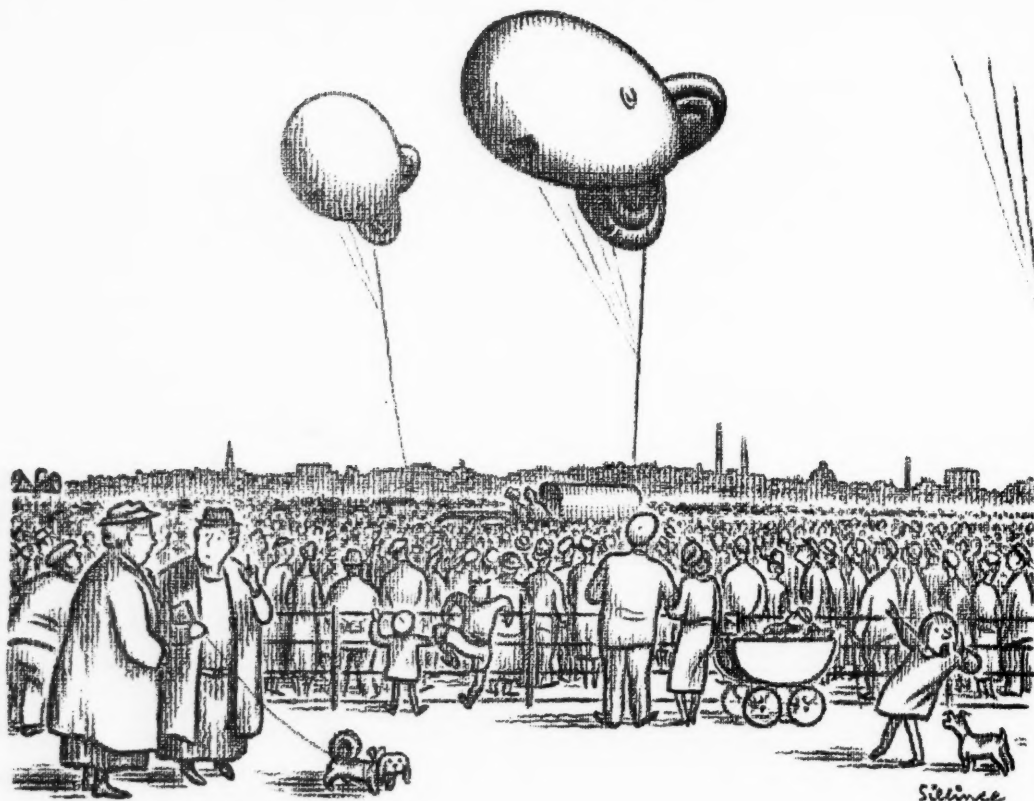
A. M. C.





### PROMISING RECRUITS

The M.O. "Say 'National Defence.'"



*"Ah! they look innocent enough now, dear; but if war came the sky would be full of them—dropping bombs on helpless people."*

### *Subconscious Interference*

**Y**OU are lovelier than the night's own star. Oh, harden  
Not still your heart or arteries with gin;  
Softly the shadows creep in the moon-washed  
garden—  
Why hasn't Mrs. Jones taken the washing in?

Dazzling as Foamo that snow-white loveliness;  
By the Seven Dwarfs I swear that I love you more  
Than Paolo loved Francesca—ay, no whit less  
Than Hitler adores the Paolish Corridor.

How shall I speak the passion that burns my lips?  
Wild riotous words must ease my hunger's pain;  
Yours is the face that launched a thousand chips,  
Mine is the foolish fish's—caught again.

Brick upon glacial brick those inviolate walls  
Challenge the El Dorado of my desire;

Yet red and ripe as the cherry your curved mouth calls,  
Stop me and buy one. Forgive me, Miss Macintyre.

Torture me, spurn me, turn like a queen from your  
throne—

Haughty as Glyndebourne, aloof as Gibraltar's Rock—  
And whisper "Avaunt! avaunt to be left alone!"  
Yet unlike that impossible horse in the 2 o'clock

I shall stay to the end; stay till your cool voice chants,  
"Time, gentlemen, *please!*"—till the ultimate arrow  
Pierces my love-torn breast and the pale moon slants  
Like a ghostly constable over the "Horse and Harrow."

Shakespeare, I bows; Byron, I likewise bends;  
Shelley and Burns, I begs to remove my hat:  
When you wrote odes to your various lady-friends  
Were you afflicted by impious thoughts like that?

# Equality of the Sexes

MISS LITTLEMUG and I, frankly, have not always seen eye to eye—and for the matter of that the eye that does invariably focus in line with Miss Littlemug's eye has not yet come to Little Fiddle-on-the-Green. She has herself often complained of this, only in much less literary language.

But over the question of her lost bag I understood Miss Littlemug absolutely, from the beginning to the end of the whole affair. Charles definitely didn't, and said the man didn't live who could have seen any sense in any of it, thus affording a further proof of that extraordinary difference which has prompted the (frightfully ironical) title of this article.

First of all, Miss Littlemug was announced like any other caller and came in looking as mad as a hatter and said:

"Dear, how are you? I thought the delphiniums at the gate were looking too lovely, but the most dreadful thing has happened. I've lost my bag."

Naturally one suggested searching the delphinium clump at once, but it turned out that Miss Littlemug had left her bag in a telephone-box in Bottleby-St.-Foggarty the day before and the delphiniums had nothing to do with any of it.

"I simply popped into the box, dear—you know how one does—to have one word before going to the woolshop with a friend who happens to be knitting me a little jumper—ruined by the speculations of a most unscrupulous uncle, poor thing, many years ago, and forced to do anything she can—and this was a question of the *wool*. I wanted to make certain about the exact shade of violet. Not pink and yet not blue, I said—and certainly not purple. One word, you'd naturally suppose, would settle the whole thing."

"Mauve?" It was the only word I could think of.

"Mauve, dear?" said Miss Littlemug, seeming absolutely astounded. "Why mauve? I had several pennies, at least one sixpence, and a shilling all ready, though I knew it couldn't possibly be more than tuppence, because you know how tiresome the exchange always is, and I dialled the right number and remembered button 'A' and everything."

"And couldn't you get her?"

"Of course I got her, dear, and we agreed on a rather pale, and yet dark, lilac. And then I rang off and went straight out of the box again."

One tried to look interested, without

affecting an astonishment that could scarcely have been natural.

"And I don't suppose I'd walked a hundred yards down the street—but say a hundred-and-fifty to be on the safe side—before I realised I'd left my bag in the telephone-box."

"Well, I literally flew back. Flew on wings. And when I got there a young man was in the box. Not looking in the least like a thief, I must say."

"I believe, Miss Littlemug, that very few of them do go about actually looking like thieves."

"But in this case, dear, there wasn't any reason why he should. You mustn't be unjust. He was a perfectly honest young man, and told me at once that a woman had come in the very moment after he did and said she'd left her bag, and naturally he'd believed her and given her mine. And the pavement, dear, had simply opened and swallowed her up on the spot."

"And the bag with her?"

"And the bag with her, dear, of course. The young man was kindness itself, and hunted high and low, and went with me to the police-station, and told them that she'd had on a black hat, in case they wanted a description."

"And was there much in the bag, Miss Littlemug?"

"Fifteen shillings and either eightpence or tenpence—I can't be sure which—and my return bus-ticket, and a really good fountain-pen sent me the Christmas before last by my Salisbury

cousins—and one or two little things of no intrinsic value that I would willingly give ten years of my life to get back."

One could only hope that Miss Littlemug might recover her property without having to sacrifice ten years of her life.

As a matter of fact she did, and two days later was back again to announce the good news.

"The police in this country," Charles said, "are second to none. How did they get the thief?"

"Oh, they didn't," said Miss Littlemug blithely. "The bag was found in a ditch by someone who took it straight to the police-station, and they asked me to call and fetch it. Never shall I forget my relief."

"But was the money still there?"

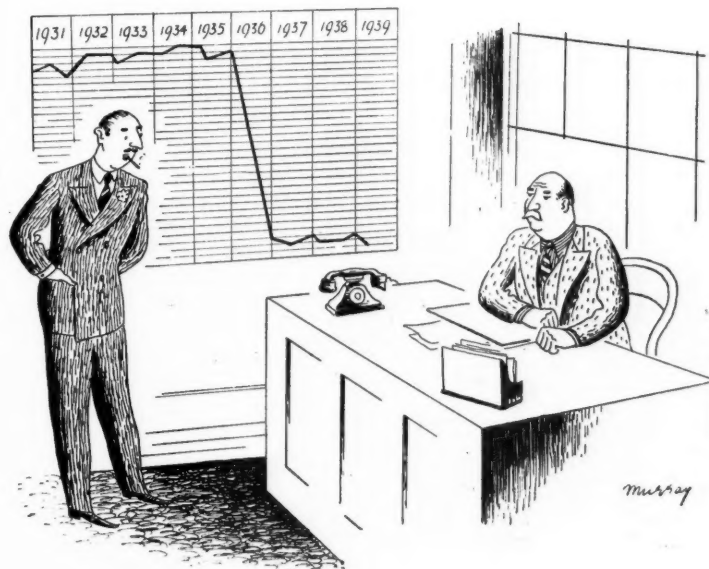
"No, no. That had all been taken. And so had the fountain-pen. And the clasp of the bag—rather carelessly—broken. I doubt if I shall ever be able to use it again. But one or two little things of no great value had been left. I suppose they weren't worth taking."

"Letters?" I hazarded.

"No," said Miss Littlemug, "but I've had this stump of lead-pencil for so many years—and the thought of having lost it was terrible. I don't really mind about the other things now I've got that back."

And mark my words, any woman will understand exactly how she felt.

E. M. D.



"Let me see, Featherstone—in what year did I take you into partnership?"

## At the Pictures

### THE OLD DANCES

ONE thing, I imagine, that you never expected to find in an ASTAIRE-ROGERS picture is an air fight—you know, stuttering machine-guns, stern goggled visage, wreaths of exhaust-smoke and all—and another is an inferior dance (deliberately inferior, I need hardly say) by GINGER ROGERS. However, *The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle* (Director: H. C. POTTER)—and remember by the way to look that up in indexes under S and not under C or V—is full of unexpected things. I personally am glad to find an ASTAIRE-ROGERS film that gets away from that plutocratic background of white furniture, satin beds, mirror-doors and one thing and another against which the charming pair usually circulate; but you, I don't know, may be put out by the almost too loving recreation of pre-War circumstances. This story contains less than usual of singing and dancing to be enjoyed as such, very much more of Drama, and an uncomfortable sprinkling of melodramatic dialogue—the sort of thing that always seems to crop up (remember *The Great Ziegfeld*) when real characters are involved. Not by any means is it aimed at the usual public for ASTAIRE-ROGERS films, though it will of course attract the ASTAIRE and ROGERS public; for there is much in it that will surprise them, and much not in it that they have always been understood to demand. No modern tunes, no modern dresses; a slow beginning with hardly any music; no smart cracks in the dialogue; a tragic end; opportunities for Miss ROGERS and Mr. ASTAIRE to act . . . why, this is revolutionary. However, it is pretty good, too, of its kind, and plenty of people will be delighted to recognise the Castle Walk, the Maxixe, and other pre-War phenomena.

For melodramatic dialogue in bulk you must go to *Union Pacific* (Director: CECIL B. DEMILLE). Of course a film

about the building of a railway is certain to contain a lot of serious metaphorical talk about “the end of the track”; but here we also have a gambler who talks about the “Big Dealer,” and when he is fatally wounded says he has “drawn the black deuce” and tells his rival “It's your deal.” There are plenty of other people about who talk in equally hackneyed metaphors; in fact the

gang killed some of them from time to time; and he also took great pains to anger the Indians, who were troublesome enough as it was. Thus *Jeff Butler* (JOEL MCCREA), who was on the other side, had plenty to do; but he had two bodyguards (LYNNE OVERMAN and AKIM TAMIROFF—pure joy, both of them) and it all came right in the end.

I almost forgot the heroine, the pretty postmistress (BARBARA STANWYCK), who would be after bein' after bein' towards bein' after bein' Oirish.



FRED ASTAIRE (*Vernon Castle*) to GINGER ROGERS (*Irene Castle*).  
“IT MAKES YOU WONDER WHO'S GOING TO IMPERSONATE US.”

dialogue of *Union Pacific* is among the hammiest I ever heard.

Nevertheless the picture is entertaining and often exciting, and although it runs for over two hours it does not, I think, seem too long. The period is the late eighteen-sixties, after the Civil War, when the first transcontinental railway was being built. A wicked Finnan Seer wanted the work on the *Union Pacific* delayed, for his own reasons; so he subsidised *Sid Campeau* (BRIAN DONLEVY) to delay it. *Campeau* ran a gambling saloon and made the workmen drunk, and his

The pick of the others, as usual—indeed the pick of the whole lot, although most of you will never get a chance to see it—is French: *La Femme du Boulanger* (Director: MARCEL PAGNOL). This too is unusually long, but not in the way or (I imagine) for the reasons of the Hollywood “epic” which relies on continuous tension, continuous battering at the emotions. *La Femme du Boulanger* is long for the sake of atmosphere, which it brilliantly succeeds in conveying. This story of a Provençal baker's wife who ran away with a shepherd and made the baker (RAIMU) so miserable that he could not bake any more of his beautiful bread, is almost as good as a holiday.

If you don't wish to take the trouble to appreciate the admirable work that has gone into all departments of the picture you can still sit there and lose yourself in it, as if you were in Provence, as deeply concerned about the problem as the other villagers, ready to take your part in the search for the missing wife and asking for no reward but bread. . . . The film is full of first-rate little portraits—the schoolmaster and the priest (always arguing), the local marquis, the hunter, the fisherman . . . and one big portrait: the baker. RAIMU has never been better.

R. M.

### Home, Sweet Home

“A ‘responsive’ skin is a great safeguard against chills. Foster this responsiveness by accustoming your kin to cool air and water by bathing, cold sponging, cold showers . . .”

Local Paper.



PONT



"Ladies and gentlemen, these are troubled times . . . We see to-day this great Empire upon which



the sun for so long etc. . . . On every side there are grave and



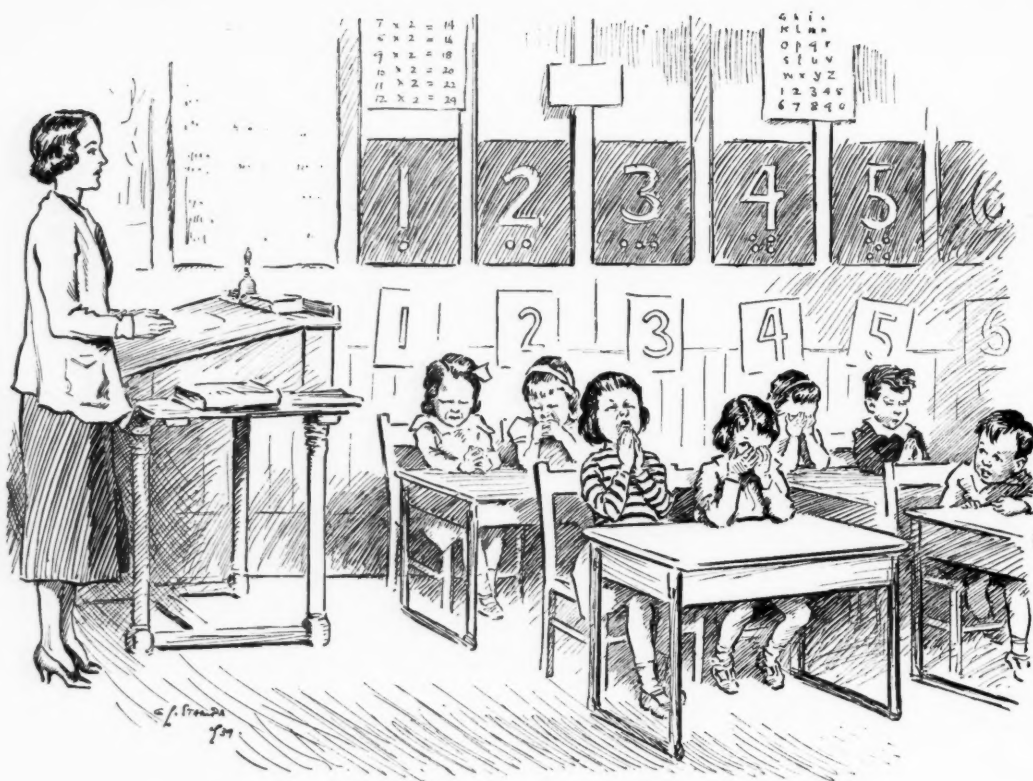
horrible dangers . . . Civilisation is tottering . . . and when one looks to the future etc. . . .



I have much pleasure in proposing the toast of—



the Happy Pair."



*"I can see a little girl n'bat's looking."*

## The Arms Race

AT the very outset of the National Service campaign there were some in Gampford who doubted whether the armed forces of our city would ever be strong enough to make the world safe for democracy. We realised of course that other towns and even other countries would be giving us their assistance in the event of war, but experience has taught us that one cannot expect much from foreigners, whether they come from the South of England or from places abroad. They would probably be able to serve in canteens or on generals' staffs, but if there was a real job of work to be done we felt that Gampford would have to do it or it wouldn't get done properly. One cannot ignore the lessons of history, and history as taught by our local Press certainly reveals that it was Gampford which won the last war.

The military situation, we considered, was well in hand—it being recognised that one Gampford man is equal to as many other men as anyone cares to send against him; but we were disconcerted by all this talk of naval and aerial might. The Gampford navy, we have to admit, is at present limited to two fire floats on the river, and one of them leaks. Gampford air-power is represented by our squadron of the Auxiliary Air Force, and though we have no doubt that our airmen fly better, higher, faster and farther than any others, we realise that they only possess ten machines, and whether these would be a match for the two thousand or two million or whatever it is they might have to meet is a matter that cannot be decided without more technical knowledge than we claim for ourselves.

There has, however, been a good deal of clarifying of issues since those early days of the recruiting campaign. The threat from any foreign Power has now been obscured by a threat which

comes from very much nearer home. Last month the town of Oozepool on the other side of the county had the infernal impudence to draw attention, both in a leading article in its local paper and in a speech by its Lord Mayor, to the apparent fact that it had enrolled more volunteers than any other district in the county. Had it been a South-Country town we could have ignored such conceit, reflecting that the volunteers probably wouldn't be much good anyway. But with Oozepool it was different. Words could not express our disgust at the unctuous tones of that leading article and that speech. So Oozepool thought that the duty of defending the country devolved chiefly on it, did it? Or perhaps Oozepool was thinking of declaring war and founding an empire overseas so that some at least of its natives could get away from the place? And what was this mighty army of which Oozepool was so proud? A mere nine thousand men. Well, Gampford would show them. Natives

of Gampford were not irresponsible creatures who rushed into a thing without thinking it over first. It took time for a man of Gampford to make up his mind; in fact you might say that the Gampford National Service campaign had not really started yet. And even so the number of Gampford volunteers was very little short of the number which Oozepool apparently regarded as its maximum effort. We were a peace-loving people in Gampford, but it was possible to try our patience too far, and this intolerable self-glorification by an effete town like Oozepool was a direct challenge to our natural aspirations.

From that day the military power of foreign countries has become to us merely a matter of academic interest. Our rearmament is not directed against them; its sole aim is to achieve parity with Oozepool, or preferably a 5:3 ratio as representing more accurately the relative importance of the two towns. And our new campaign has reached heights of popularity which the old one could never have attained. The issues now are clear to everyone. Oozepool is a naval power possessing a large fishing-fleet; but on the other hand this is counterbalanced by the fact that it has no air force. For the rest, the progress of the arms race can be followed from day to day like a cricket match, our evening paper always giving great prominence to the close-of-play recruiting scores in both towns. All our public buildings in Gampford have suddenly blossomed forth into posters drawing attention to the fact that Gampford's position is still being challenged; a large board outside the recruiting hut in City Square announces the latest scores in Gampford alongside those of Oozepool, and young and old are flocking to enrol, inspired not only by the thought that their King and country need them, but also by the burning desire to take Oozepool down a peg or two. And our secret service reports that similar scenes are being witnessed in Oozepool.

Our more advanced thinkers, however, are now beginning to wonder where the powerful forces which have thus been unleashed are going to drive us. We are of a sanguine temperament and we regard it as not impossible that the nations of the world will one day meet at a conference and decide on universal disarmament. But not even the most sanguine of us ever hopes that Gampford and Oozepool will be represented at the conference. Things have now gone too far for appeasement. Gampford, we realise, will never reduce its volunteers by a single man until Oozepool has been totally disarmed

and has publicly admitted that it made a very big mistake in challenging our military might. On the face of it there seems no reason why the arms race should not go on for ever, or at any rate until one or the other of us rules the world.

There is, however, another possibility. Shrewd minds are already considering that when the period of otherwise universal disarmament has been reached the time will be ripe for the formation of a Gampford-Oozepool axis to dictate a lasting peace and to force our just claims upon the world.

We demand no colonies, but what we do demand is an *anschluss* with the South of England—the sort of *anschluss*, that is, in which anything worth having is transferred to the senior partner. The axis will not be content to remain for ever among the have-nots. Parliament can stay where it is, but all the important institutions—the Oval, Lord's, Wembley, Brooklands, Cowes Week, the Derby, Ascot,

Olympia, Drury Lane—will have to be removed to the North. All Test Matches will have to be played within a tram-ride of one end of the axis. The accents of synthetic Yorkshire and Lancashire comedians will have to be approved by our Bureau of Cultural Relations before they are allowed to appear in public. And above all, the Cup Finals will never again be held in London. The axis has been very patient, but we have already endured too long the taunts about oafish North-Countrymen "oop for t' Coop." After the Peace Treaty is signed every Cup Final will be played in Gampford, and if there are to be any jokes about it they will be made by the axis at the expense of Londoners "daown for the Cup."

Some may feel that we are looking rather far ahead—but then so was the author of *Mein Kampf*. And when once our long-term policy is made public we can expect such a rush of recruits that even the present campaign will appear half-hearted by comparison.

H. W. M.

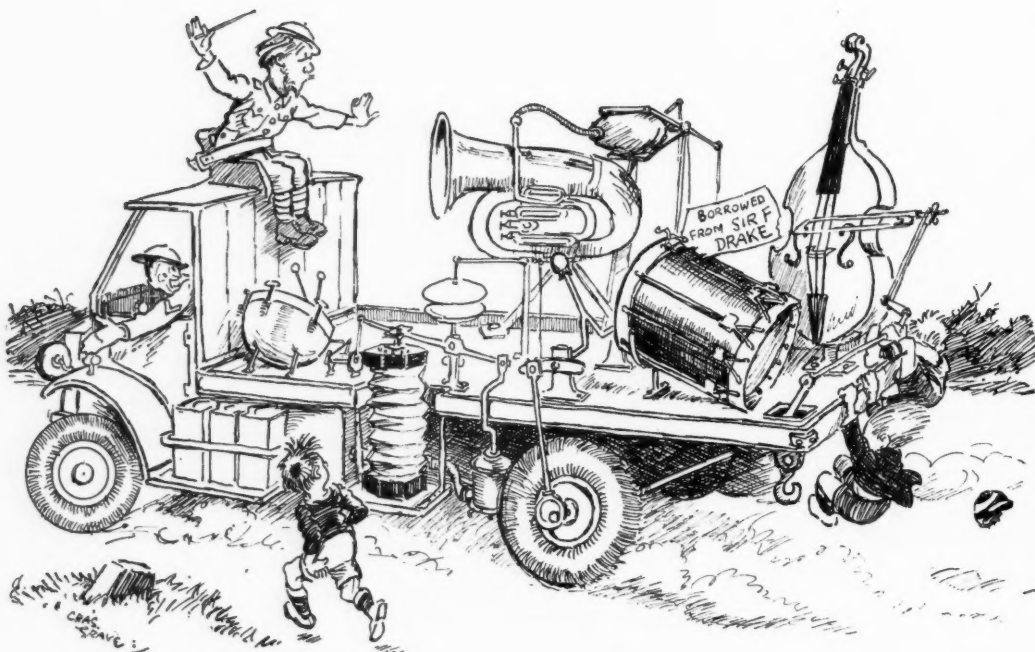


#### TO D.O.R.A.

Blessed are the rich,  
Who can afford the clubs  
Where they can go on drinking  
When the poor have left the pubs.

## At the Aldershot Tattoo

Rushmoor-on-Thames



AMIDST ALL THIS MECHANISATION THEY FORGOT THE BAND!

THE spirit of the Army is still undaunted, but much of it is now contained in two-gallon cans. The British soldier, most adaptable of men, has taken to mechanisation as to the spanner born; and that is one of the chief lessons of this year's Tattoo, which maintains the high standard of its predecessors and shows the Army a good stage further in its revolutionary journey from the stables to the garage.

Only one horsed battery ("K" Battery R.H.A.) survives this unromantic process, and this makes me wonder if the dismal moment has not already arrived when a new idiom becomes necessary. It is blinking the facts, for instance, to talk about a stirrup-cup when what you really mean is an accelerator-snifter. Can fiery senior officers who used to keep a horse-whip for the protection of their daughters against unwelcome attentions now logically do otherwise than lay down a brake-rod in pickle? The drill-book will surely have to make provision for the order to be given after a long drive of "Make much of your

tankses, one, one-two!" The time cannot be far off when candidates for the Cavalry Club will be blackballed for fozzling their gears; and it is impossible to escape the horrid conclusion that that hospitable establishment will soon be obliged in honesty to change its name to something like "The Differential."

The first item shows all this ceremonially, the Flag being handed over by the Old Guard to the New, after which comes a contrasted Drive-past and March-past. There is no doubt of course as to which is more dramatic; but to my mind it is equally certain that for fighting to lose its glamour is an important step towards no fighting. Tanks and armoured cars have an elephantine grace about them, but they are as dull as ditch-water beside, say, the Black Watch in full dress.

A Drill Display by the 1st Guards Brigade is next, and very fine. They wear the white shell jackets of forty years ago which at first sight suggest a mass meeting of stewards but which pick up the full power of the flood-lights,



FUN WITH GOOD QUEEN BESS (HEIGHT 6' 2") AT TILBURY IN 1588



and they carry out various evolutions in silence as one man. Finally they form into two battalion squares, the front ranks kneeling, and let off a couple of volleys of firework ammunition which is a great advance on blanks.

The Massed Bands, lit by their escort of torch-bearers, give the impression of a giant gathering of "Mr. Therms." I liked them best while their flares had the night to themselves, before spotlights turned them a rather incongruous purple. As nearly a thousand strong they come slowly towards the stands across the huge arena, their music swells up magnificently. In spite of my many protests, by which I have risked martyrdom at the hands of the Northern tribesmen, there are still bagpipes; of these I will say no more than that it seemed a miracle that a single torch remained alight. We were rather shocked, by the way, at the stoutness of the Goat. He used to be of a lissom crag-to-crag build; Europe is in no state for him to let his figure go to bits.

The Bands are followed by what is in my view the best turn of all, a display of P.T. which is one of the most exciting spectacles I have ever seen. Vast numbers of men take part, dressed either in rose madder or in lemon and carrying white sticks. Except for the bands, playing softly in the background, the whole performance is silent. Its precision is thrilling, but even more so is its pattern and colour. If you are pixie-minded, it is a midsummer revel, a ritual revel, of the little men; if you are not, it is a Lincolnshire bulb-field come to life, a gigantic game of spillikins, or a colour-drawing by "Fougasse." In any case, something to remember.

After that comes active service, an up-to-date skirmish against a darker race in which our troops are hard pressed ("The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel's dead") but are rescued most dramatically by an enormous aeroplane which bowls on laden to its Plimsoll line with troops and ammunition. The mechanised force does its lethal work and the darker race dies a series of elastic deaths, bouncing

all over the arena before finally flattening out, as Britain's foes must do.

A superb display of fireworks comes next, as generous as anyone could wish, and then a Musical Drive by eight armoured cars of the 12th Royal Lancers and eight motor-drawn guns of the 24th Field Regiment R.A. The drivers cut their crossings just as fine as they used to with their horse-teams, and though I was not sure about the regimental badges carried by the cars in electric lights—to my mind they smacked too much of the fun-fair to fit vehicles whose whole note is one of determined grimness—the turn impresses. And what a witty comment on the fantasy of modern war to accompany it with the music of "The Three Little Pigs"!

Father Thames, very cunningly represented, is the permanent background for this year's Tattoo, with West Tilla (Tilbury) to the right and East Tilla to the left. We see Elizabeth, the Queen whose hand was never off the Tilla, landing (a figure of imposing proportions) and making her historic offer to go into battle with her troops should the Spaniards, even then mocking the Non-Intervention Committee on the high seas, get nasty. It is not surprising that a queen who sank a quart of old ale with her breakfast should have gone down well with the men, and they give her a rousing reception. In this scene the crowded colour of the uniforms is banked and blended to make a splendid picture. The always attractive turn with lan-

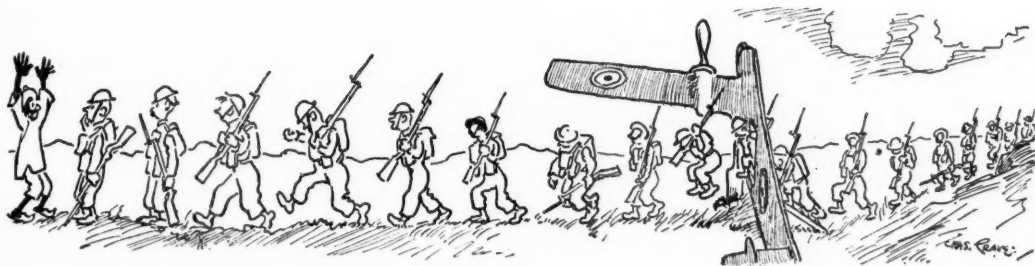
terns, hundreds of glow-worms playing follow-my-leader to their hearts' involved content, separates it from the grand mosaic of the finale, in which a huge statue of Drake appears among the five thousand performers to sum up this year's theme phrase of "Steady and Strong."

That these words are a fair description of our new-model army is now beyond doubt, and no better advertisement than this Tattoo of its intelligent direction could possibly be devised.

ERIC.



The Old Guard. "It's YOUR TURN NOW, BUT I STILL CONSIDER MYSELF THE BETTER MAN—SARTORIALLY SPEAKING."



HOW HALF AN AEROPLANE CAN BE MADE TO CARRY SEVEN TIMES AS MANY TROOPS AS A WHOLE ONE.

(This is a closely guarded Military Secret. Foreign papers, please copy.)



"Got a stone in my shoe."

"Which one?"

"Oh, one of those down there."

### *Lines for a Wedding Anniversary*

LET us look back this day of days (who doesn't?)  
And mark this lesson that the years have taught—  
Whate'er we've said was sure to happen hasn't:  
A cheering thought.

For since it is man's habit to anticipate  
Thorns, thorns, not roses, roses all the way,  
Past failures in prediction should but dissipate  
His doubts to-day.

Just take ourselves. Since first we pooled our chances  
How often have we trembled for our star  
And cried, "It sinks"; yet still ahead it dances  
And—here we are.

The children. How we've fussed and how we've fretted  
Lest scrape or sickness should their prospects dim,  
And look at them!—all going strong and vetted  
Sound, wind and limb.

Money. How often in our chequered history  
I've wailed, "We're ruined—all our savings gone";  
Behold us, then—though *how's* a major mystery—  
Still carrying on.

All false alarms . . . And now the Fates have chosen  
Fresh bogeys from their horror-house to draw—  
Hitlers and such; once more our feet are frozen.  
Well, let them thaw.

Though Bogey stand as giant as Colossus,  
Armed and equipped, wolf-toothed and tiger-clawed,  
He's only out once more to put across us  
The same old fraud.

Sorry's the state foreboding gets a chap in.  
Torn on the rack and toasted on the grid;  
Don't worry, partner, it may never happen—  
It never did.

H. B.



### STOP THIEF!

[Herr HITLER, in a speech to the Kondor Legion, said that theft "belonged to the approved and tried methods of the democracies."]

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## Impressions of Parliament

### Synopsis of the Week

**Monday, June 5th.**—Commons: Debate on Unemployment.

**Tuesday, June 6th.**—Lords: Access to Mountains Bill taken in Committee. Water Undertakings Bill given Second Reading.

Commons: Unemployment Insurance and Wheat Amendment Bills given Third Reading.

**Wednesday, June 7th.**—Lords: Government defeat on Lord Sandhurst's resolution for national grants for police motor patrols.

Commons: Debate on Colonial Administration.

**Monday, June 5th.**—The agreement with Russia still hanging fire, Mr. VVYAN ADAMS wondered if there was much risk of her joining the Anti-Comintern Pact.

Some people think that the munitions left behind by the Italians as a memento of their adventure in Spain are safer out of Italy, but the Opposition peppered Mr. BUTLER with indignant questions about them. He admitted that war material had been sold or given to the FRANCO Government in spite of Italy's promise in the Anglo-Italian Agreement to withdraw everything, but he failed to see what could be done about it. Nearly all the Italian troops have now gone, which

is something, and the German Condor Legion has already been treated to an ovation in Berlin from a public so sadly battered by propaganda that it has forgotten that until recently

it was only thanks to HITLER. Mr. BROWN went on smiling.

**Tuesday, June 6th.**—Lord STANHOPE's statement in the Lords about the *Thetis* emphasised how greatly the strength of the tides and the acute slant of the submarine had impeded rescue work. Lord STRABOLGI and Lord CREWE for the Opposition added their expressions of grief and sympathy.

No measure could have a more attractive label than the Access to Mountains Bill, which embodies various compromises between land-owners and climbers; in committee this afternoon Lord RADNOR's amendment was accepted, removing the provision which made trespass without damage on land closed to the public an offence. The trespasser can now take off his hat, say he is sorry and end the conversation by hurrying towards the nearest gate, a technique which Mr. P.'s R. has never known to fail.

A vintage year for plums, say their Lordships.

Mr. P.'s R.'s suggestion that a match should be played with the Elgin marbles between the Civil Service and the Commons in final settlement of the dispute about how they should be cleaned may not be accepted, for it is held by the proper authorities that though this would be a clean and sporting method of decision, grave technical difficulties stand in the way. Captain CROOKSHANK admitted this afternoon that two officials had already been put on the spot over this sad affair.



A BRACE OF RED HERRINGS

MR. GALLACHER

"Mr. Gallacher has done his utmost to obscure the real issue."—Mr. MAGNAT in the Debate on Unemployment Insurance.

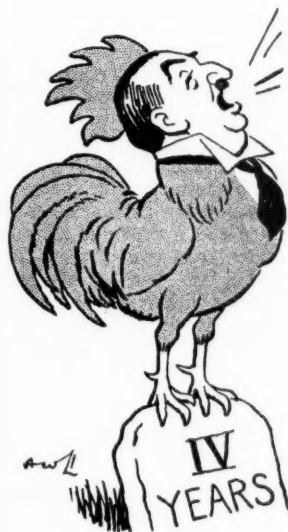
"That has nothing to do with the question before the House."—Sir DENNIS HERBERT to Mr. GALLACHER in the Debate on Export Credits to China.

German intervention was officially denied.

The row about the Czecho-Slovakian gold rumbled on this afternoon, Sir JOHN SIMON defending the British directors of the Bank of International Settlements and the Labour Party, who pride themselves on thinking internationally, continuing in their strange criticism of these gentlemen for fulfilling their obligations to an international trust without reference to the British Government, which was not concerned. Nobody likes the idea of Germany adding much-needed gold to the rest of her swag, but, as the CHANCELLOR explained, this country cannot prevent the transfer without breaking the treaties on which the B.I.S. is based; nor can she threaten to cancel special privileges, as Mr. BRACKEN suggested, seeing that the B.I.S. is the creation of an international conference.

In a long account of the tragic disaster to the *Thetis*, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN announced that a public inquiry would follow the usual naval investigation, and paid a special tribute to the courage shown by Captain ORAM.

The notable drop in the figures of unemployment made Mr. ERNEST BROWN more cheerful than ever, but Mr. HALL assured him gloomily that



"COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!"

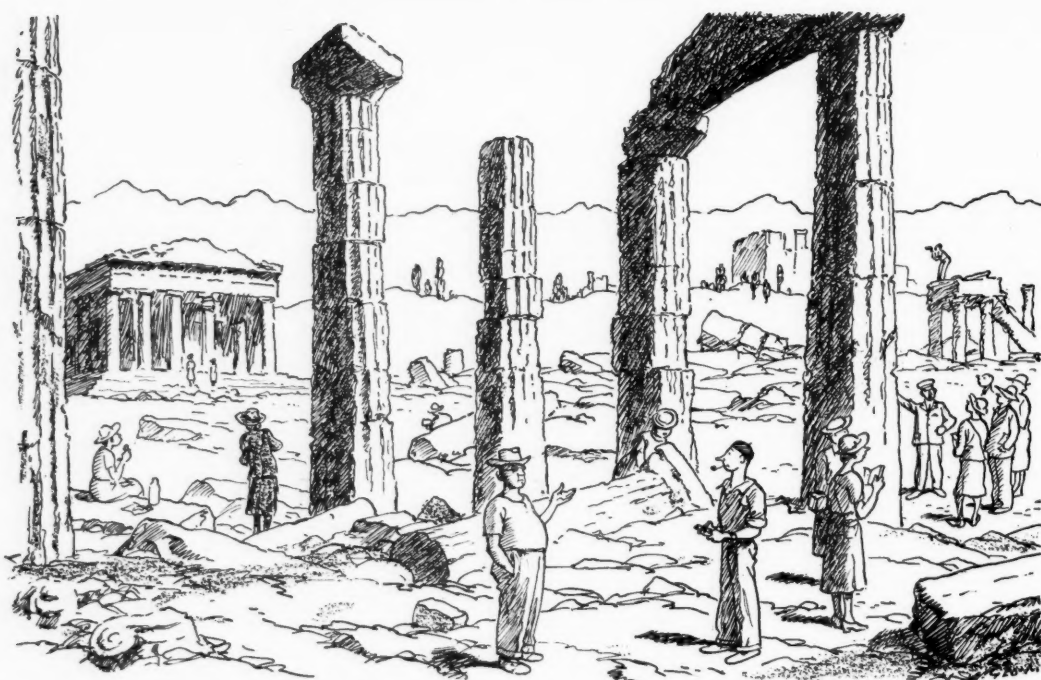
THE BROWN LEGHORN

"On Thursday I shall complete four years as Minister of Labour."—Mr. BROWN.



Earl Howe. "HALF A LOAF INDEED! WHY NOT MAKE A PROPER JOB OF IT?"

[In the Debate on Road Safety Earl Howe strongly supported Lord SANDHURST's dissatisfaction with the proportion of the police grant offered by the Government.]



*"My belief is that someone tried to clean it."*

The afternoon being far too stuffy for the calm consideration of anything except a luxury cruise to the North Pole, Members grew unwontedly snappy over the Unemployment Insurance Bill. Mr. GEORGE GRIFFITHS cheered things momentarily by addressing Mr. BROWN as "Ernest," and Mr. LENNOX-BOYD gave the House the delightful reminder, in answer to charges of inconsistency, that in the days when he had tried to limit the powers of Ministers he had not been one himself; but Sir DENNIS HERBERT had to ask Lady ASTOR and Mr. LAWSON to break away after a long verbal clench. Mr. WEDGWOOD BENN expressed his deep disquiet that Mr. BROWN had somewhere spoken of the processes of the House as "Parliamentary performances."

To-day's effort was certainly nothing but a Parliamentary performance, and a very dull one at that.

*Wednesday, June 7th.*—The Government, reluctant to spend any more than absolutely necessary, were handsomely defeated in the Lords on Lord SANDHURST's resolution urging that a substantial grant should be given to the police with which the experimental

system of motor patrols could be greatly increased. A number of speakers, most of them Conservatives, agreed that an experiment proved to be so successful in reducing fatal accidents called for immediate action, but Lord DE LA WARR declined to concede more than fifty per cent. assistance to local authorities, and Lord STANHOPE warned the House that the mounting sum of armament costs was already causing the Government grave anxiety. The vote, thirty-four to twenty-five, was in the main due to Lord HOWE's statement that motor patrols had been shown to reduce accidents by as much as forty-six per cent. and Lord SANDHURST's description of the position of counties with large road mileages and small rateable values. The proposed scheme would cost £2,500,000; about six thousand people are killed every year in road accidents. Surely the scheme is vital?

The Commons were glad to hear from the P.M. that a British envoy is going to Moscow directly to accelerate negotiations. These, he said, had now reached a stage where there was no dispute on the general points, the

Soviet being persuaded that we were prepared to conclude an agreement on the fullest reciprocal basis. The difficulty of the States who had no wish to be guaranteed remained, but it was hoped soon to overcome it.

On the question of the Italian munitions left in Spain, he refused to make a protest in view of the fact that our main objective, the withdrawal of troops, was being achieved. At the time when the Agreement with Italy was under discussion the Italian Foreign Minister had mentioned the possibility of either selling or giving some material to General FRANCO; but on this point Mr. CHAMBERLAIN declared that he had at any rate not deliberately misled the House.

In his survey of colonial administration, Mr. MACDONALD described how social services were being taken much more seriously by his Department, and how colonies were being encouraged to grow more foodstuffs for themselves instead of falling back on the omnipresent tin-opener. During the debate various Members warmly commended Lord HAILEY's suggestion that there should be a Colonial Committee of Parliament.

## Grandfather Monroe Looks Back

A Voyage to Jamaica

"I DON'T suppose," said my Grandfather Monroe, "that I should ever have gone to sea had I not narrowly escaped death in my seventeenth year at the hands of Sir George Bole."

He paused, eyeing me dubiously, and seemed to be repeating the words to himself.

"How did that come about, my boy?" he asked suddenly.

"I have no idea, Grandfather," I faltered, rather taken aback.

"I did say it, then," he muttered. "Let me see, Bole, Bole, Bole. Ah, yes, Bole. Well, in those days my hobby was sketching. I often used to watch the wild duck on the marshes and try to put them on paper. Dirty creatures they were, I remember, and gone in a flash. One morning, as I was crouching knee-deep in the muddy water, shading a duck's feet, I was startled by a loud explosion and simultaneously my notebook was torn from my hand. As I looked fearfully around, a stout figure rose up among the nearby reeds and I recognised Sir George Bole, the village squire and master of Bole Hall. He approached with a shotgun still smoking in his hand and asked me kindly whether I had been hit. I was able to reassure him, and we had a little conversation in which I happened to mention that my dearest wish was to follow the sea. Sir George appeared greatly interested and promised that if I would come to the Hall that evening he would introduce me to Captain Rapp, a friend of his, who was soon to sail for Jamaica."

"When I presented myself at the Hall Sir George introduced me, with a genial twinkle, as a lad whom he had nearly killed while out duck-shooting. Captain Rapp spoke to me kindly and quickly consented to my joining his ship as cabin-boy. His eyes sparkled eagerly as he told us of the fine sailing qualities of the *Breadfruit*. 'Not a drop of water can get in!' he cried, bringing down his first on the table with a bang. 'While other ships sink, the *Breadfruit* floats.'"

"As I walked down the drive of Bole Hall that night, peeling an orange which Sir George had unobtrusively pressed into my hand at parting, Captain Rapp's vigorous words roared in my ears like a rough wind, and I thrilled at the thought of accompanying this adventurous sailor to Jamaica."

"Of course you must understand, my boy, that this was in the days of sail. I keep abreast of the times, and I know that the sailing-ships have been superseded by these steamers. The *Breadfruit* was a schooner. Let that be clearly understood."

My grandfather paused and appeared to be somewhat at a loss.

"Up rose Sir George among the reeds—" he began at last.

"We have had that, Grandfather," I said.

"We rushed into Kingston under full sail—"

"Not yet, Grandfather. You were just about to start for Jamaica."

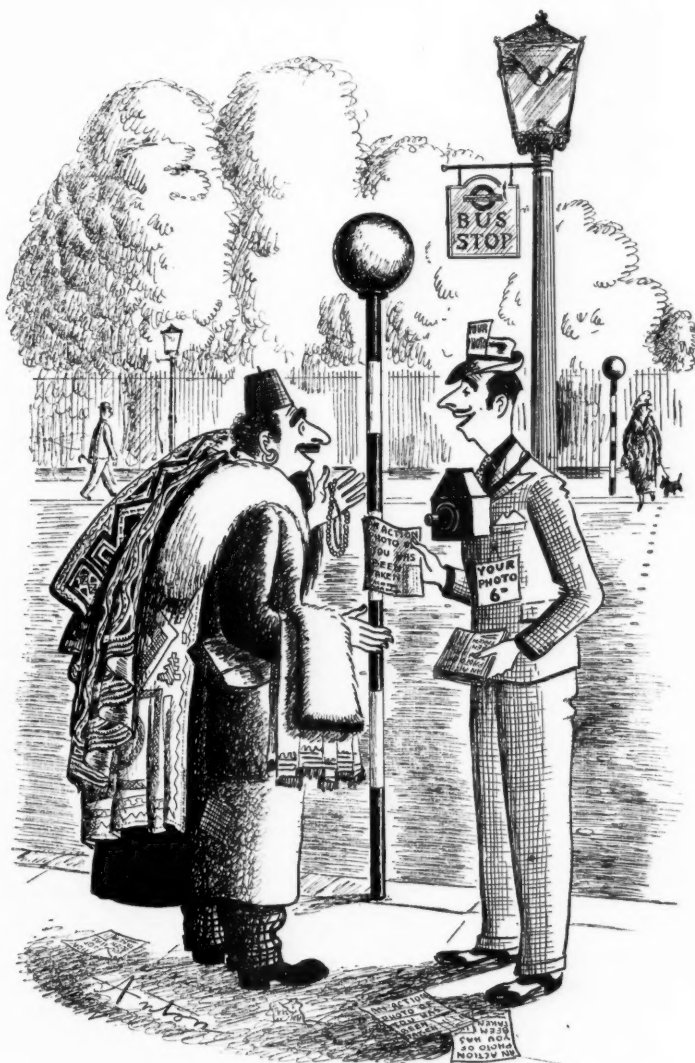
"Ah, yes. Jamaica. Well, a great deal of bickering seemed to go on aboard the *Breadfruit*. To begin with,

Captain Rapp had a long argument with the mate, Mr. Leeming, about the direction in which the ship's head should be pointed. Mr. Leeming stubbornly held to his opinion and at last Captain Rapp lost patience.

"The *Breadfruit*'s a remarkable ship, Mr. Leeming," he cried, 'but I'll not attempt to take her across the breadth of Ireland. Go below or I'll clap you in irons!'

"Mr. Leeming, a great giant of a man, obeyed dourly, but he took out his knife and tested the edge in what I thought to be a very sinister manner."

"My duties as cabin-boy presented no great difficulties. Every day I would work out our position, helped by Captain Rapp. 'Let x equal our position,' he would prompt me with







POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS—AT HOME IN ENGLAND

a kindly smile as I groped for a key to the problem. 'Eliminate, eliminate!' he would often cry. 'We're not here, are we?'—pointing to the Bay of Bengal. "Of course not!" I would reply laughingly.

"There must be a lot of other places where we aren't," he would murmur, as if to himself, following the hint with an approving slap on the back as I took up my compasses with a new zest."

Here my grandfather took out his watch, applied it to his ear and, settling himself comfortably in his chair, appeared to be listening intently to its ticking.

"How did Mr. Leeming behave during the voyage, Grandfather?" I ventured at last.

"Amazing things!" muttered my grandfather. "What will they think of next?"

"Mr. Leeming!" I said loudly.

"Eh? Ah, yes, Mr. Leeming." He pocketed his watch reluctantly. "Well, Captain Rapp awoke one night to find Mr. Leeming bending over him, his

bowie-knife in his hand. Asked for an explanation, he replied that he had felt that he could fancy a dry biscuit, a supply of which was kept in the Captain's cabin. He had taken out his knife, he said, in order to sharpen a blacklead pencil. Convinced by this story, and ashamed of the suspicions which he had at first entertained, Captain Rapp immediately offered the mate a packet of biscuits and thought no more of the matter. A few days later, however, he discovered Mr. Leeming creeping towards him along the bridge, carrying a rudely-fashioned club. Captain Rapp now began to suspect that the mate intended to do him an injury, and received with reservation a glib tale about knocking over a seagull to stuff as a souvenir of the voyage.

"The Captain confided his suspicions to me, and I immediately realised that strong action was necessary. I was a well-developed lad for my age, and with the chest of a gorilla and biceps like a couple of coco-

nuts, I was yet as nimble-footed as a ballet-dancer. Moreover, I possessed that reckless kind of courage which thrives upon danger and delights in hazardous escapades. At midnight I crept cautiously to the door of Mr. Leeming's cabin and, assured by his snores that he was fast asleep, walked boldly in and stunned him with a belying-pin. Captain Rapp, hastily summoned to the scene, seemed very much upset. 'I can't believe that there was any real evil in this poor fellow,' he said, brushing the rough sleeve of his jersey hastily across his eyes, 'but you did right, Monroe, very right.' He then clapped the mate in irons and had him thrown into the hold."

The sound of a gong reached us and my grandfather tottered to his feet, his eyes gleaming eagerly.

"We reached port in good trim and our voyage home was uneventful," he said rapidly. "You won't stay to lunch! Well, well, I mustn't keep you."

With this he hobbled actively from the room.



## The Bowline

**T**HE bowline is the king of knots, or, if you like it, bends; A bowline on a bollard is the best of journey's ends; And, as long as men are mariners, I think it safe to say This is a thing that never will be done another way.

In Life's unending upward urge how rare it is to find  
A Terminus—an Ultimate—Perfection in its kind!  
Time was when Michael Angelo was thought the Top in paint,  
But many a pale young gentleman will tell you now he ain't:  
The deed that dazzles us to-day to-morrow will be drab:  
The aeroplane is very *chic*—so was the hansom-cab.  
A judgment of the House of Lords no mortal man may doubt,  
Though Parliament, if it should please, may wipe that judgment out;  
But if all the world's fine Parliaments were massed at Ponders End,

Here is a small particular that they could not amend;  
Though the effete democracies, despairing, stooped to ask  
The odious aid of tyrants, and Herr Hitler tried the task;  
Though the great Press itself engaged to find a better plan  
And offered monstrous prizes to inspire the Little Man;  
Though Jeans and Shaw and Nuffield were co-opted day by day,  
This is a thing they could not do in any other way.

What ancient hairy tar, how many centuries ago,  
Was author of the artifice we do not seem to know.  
Maybe old Captain Noah, scarce aware what he was at,  
Thus made a grass-ropes ready when he sighted Ararat;  
Maybe 'twas wise Ulysses when he made the sailors fast  
Against the song of Sirens with a bowline to the mast;  
Maybe by Captain Jason was the first example tied,  
That some industrious Argonaut might paint the *Argo's* side.  
Maybe the infant Raleigh, playing wistfully with string,  
Took one more turn by accident and stumbled on the thing:  
Or maybe after all 'twas no tough toiler of the sea,  
But some mamma who tethered thus some toddler to a tree;  
Or at the earliest wife's remark, "*Again you have forgot!*"  
The earliest husband's handkerchief received this noble knot;  
Maybe primeval monkeys in the equinoctial gales  
Preserved their equilibrium with bowlines in their tails.  
At all events, as long as men are mariners, I say,  
Here is a thing that never will be done another way.

The sailor's knots have qualities he'd welcome in a bride—  
Hold firm while they are wanted, yet are easily untied;  
The more the strain you put on them, the tighter do they stick;  
They are fastened in a flash but you can cast them off as quick.  
The timber hitch, the reef knot, the sheet and fisherman's bends,  
The clove, the sweet and simple hitch on which so much depends,  
Have each a special duty they do perfectly discharge  
(Much more than you can say of men or matters, by and large).

All seamen in their memories preserve a secret niche  
For the nameless benefactor who conceived the rolling hitch,  
While manly tears my eyes invade with which I can't contend  
When I discuss the Blackwall hitch or topsail-halyard bend.  
But the bowline is the king of knots, and it is grand to say—

Here is a thing that never will be done another way.

A. P. H.



Hewitt

## At the Play

### "RHONDDA ROUNDABOUT" (GLOBE)

FOR the second week running I have been to a play adapted by its author from his own novel. This one is far from being so successful a job as *Of Mice and Men*. It has a great theme, unemployment in South Wales and the hazardous business of coal-mining, and with this it deals at times with the power which comes from knowledge and deep sincerity; but frequently it gets bogged in irrelevant sentiment and strays off in excursions after light relief which only weaken its effect.

If Mr. JACK JONES had concentrated more on his central character, *Shoni Lloyd*, and weeded his lesser people ruthlessly he would have written a much more powerful play. For *Shoni*, acted by Mr. MERVYN JOHNS with an insight and a quiet strength which are most compelling, is a big and gripping figure for the simple reason that he is an ordinary little man very carefully and very sympathetically drawn. He is far too real and too important a creation in what he stands for to be shunted in favour of the dithering courtship of an adolescent minister and the marital reminiscences of local worthies. He is the sane, decent, unobtrusive British workman trying to keep a fair mind in the middle of an economic disaster too huge and too complicated to be understood by anybody, least of all the professional economists and politicians. He is one of the unsung heroes of the back-streets, happy to run any risk for his mates but furiously self-conscious, and resentful of any attempt to recognise his heroism. He is one of the large body of men, so often either forgotten in London or dismissed with fainter and fainter regret as the inevitable victims of industrial progress, who have somehow managed through long years of humiliation, boredom and semi-starvation to keep their self-respect and their sense that others are in still worse case. Mr. JONES can be proud of him. Elsewhere in the play the values

may falter, but there is nothing about *Shoni* which fails to ring dead true.

He is one of the lucky men in this small Rhondda town who get three or four days' work a week, and having no children he and his wife are better off

are the small men of business who run the chapel, there are the tame Communists whose street-meetings are triumphs of organised dreariness; there is *Big Mog*, a prosperous bookie whose tender conscience drives him to shower his customers with unlikely bonuses; *Bandy*, the little boxer he is backing, and *Captain Felton*, a war-wreck whom he is trying to pull together.

This *Captain Felton* acts as a kind of poetic compère. He is a man of culture in the habit of ascending the local mountain and summing up the horrors of the valley below him with the merciless clarity of those who are slightly off their heads. Mr. RAYMOND HUNTLEY plays him well and his final scene, before flinging himself down an old shaft on his wedding morning, is very good; but there is too much of him in the same vein.

The focus of the play is an accident in the colliery, where over thirty men are killed. It galvanises the town out of its long apathy and shows what imperishable courage has survived.

The scene in which *Shoni*, dead-beat from a night of grisly rescue-work, totters home, is one of very high quality indeed; and Miss DILYS DAVIES' contribution to it as *Shoni's* wife is as sure as Mr. JOHNS'. But after a charming scene on the lighter side in which *Shoni* smooths the path of his love-sick nephew, he and *Emily* almost fade out and the interest is squandered over a number of characters of whom several have little more bearing on Rhondda than on anywhere else. And it is Rhondda about which we want to be told more, Rhondda - without - frills which Mr. JONES obviously knows backwards. It is the merit and the fault of his play that he raises our expectations so keenly and yet fails to satisfy them.

Of the minor parts, most of which are very fairly taken, Mr. RODDY HUGHES' fussy chapel organiser and Mr. JULIEN MITCHELL's *Big Mog* stand out. The latter's wedding clothes were so correct that he might have stepped out of a poster or into the Royal Enclosure. A bookie!

ERIC.



COURTSHIP DAYS REVIVED

*Shoni Lloyd* . . . . . MR. MERVYN JOHNS  
*Emily Lloyd* . . . . . MISS DILYS DAVIES

than most. She is a good-hearted but bigoted woman; her nephew, newly appointed to the chapel, lives with them, a rather meaningless young man. In the background there are the neighbours, struggling to live, there



THE HOPE OF THE VALLEY

*Bandy Bowen* . . . MR. CHARLES WILLIAMS

### "UNEASY LIVING" (KINGSWAY)

It is a well-known social truth, and a mighty convenient one for dramatists, that however big a house, families tend to gravitate to one or two rooms. Such a room is the one which fills the stage at the Kingsway Theatre under the title of "Henry Grant's Study." It was meant to be his study, but its French windows open on to a garden which is the favourite entrance for various young people, and it has a large and comfortable sofa, as well as being the breakfast-room and the room in which *Henry's* little daughter does her home-work. It is pre-eminently the room for scenes in the *Grant* family. From all this it can be imagined that we do not need to bother about the rest of the house. In this study more than enough happens to give us an exceptionally entertaining time. The educational policy of *Henry* and *Beatrice Grant*, with their daughter beginning her difficult teens, provides a good deal of comedy fodder. *Mona* (Miss DIANA SINCLAIR-HILL) has as yet no pretensions to looks. She is a young person of extreme single-mindedness, and her one aim in life is a bicycle. We like her for the same reason that we rather like *Henry Grant* (Mr. ARTHUR HARDY)—for their equanimity under the rule of the not very pleasant *Beatrice Grant*, whom Miss IRIS HOEY endows with an abundance of vitality, not many brains and not very much good nature. We are glad that the husband's nephew, *Tony*, has come to set this woman a problem or two and to disturb her easy despotism over husband and daughter. *Tony* (Mr. JACK ALLEN) is of a race of men who have taken to heart the adage not to work in between meals. Not for him the jobs where you begin at the bottom and perhaps work a little way up in a long and grey life. Mr. JACK ALLEN times his quiet effects beautifully, and there is an excellently played scene when Mr. *James Macpherson* (Mr. FINLAY CURRIE) offers, with a wealth of Scotch

mannerisms, to start him at the bottom of his office, and we see *Tony* eluding the danger with practised swiftness. He lives with his uncle and aunt, plays the loud wireless, drinks



TAKING HIM BY STORM

*Tony* . . . . . MR. JACK ALLEN  
*Kit Morgan*. . . . . MISS ANNE WINTLE

the whisky, conducts innumerable flirtations and smashes their car, and



THE FACTS OF LIFE

*Beatrice* . . . . . MISS IRIS HOEY  
*Mona* . . . . . MISS DIANA SINCLAIR-HILL

their strategy proves quite unequal to the task of getting rid of him. Miss IRIS HOEY has many successful straightforward scenes of comedy. scenes which could stand by themselves as little sketches, as for instance of a parent helping with the home-work, or approaching sex through botany; but she also has a more difficult dramatic rôle in this comedy—of the aunt who hates a ne'er-do-well nephew but feels it necessary to keep up a measure of hospitality and apparent geniality. These manifestations were a delight to watch. The other women in *Tony's* very full life are two of them neighbours from next-door whom he has attracted like a magnet. The more rewarding of the two parts, that of *Kit Morgan*, who even achieves the status of a secret engagement, is played very attractively by Miss ANNE WINTLE. She is very competent at expressing the thoughtlessness of youth set on a good time, if she has not yet mastered the art of crying on the stage or of expressing more than petulant disappointment. But the woman in *Tony's* life is older than these, a capable and all too self-assured advertising agent, played by Miss RUTH DUNNING, and the plot of the play really begins when she comes to the rescue of the *Grants* and undertakes the caning of the waster. As it happens, the world of advertising proves to be exactly that which best suits *Tony's* limited talents. The only qualification necessary for success, apparently, is an endless flow of doubtful but entertaining stories of the kind that women agents cannot very well repeat. Armed with this advantage he soon proves himself a master of the game, able to lure the coyest contract away from most dangerous competitors, and all done by funny stories, some of them even over the telephone. With success and love conjoining, it is an appropriate and, for the moment, happy ending, in the gay optimistic spirit in which the whole piece is written and produced. I put this comedy very high among the evenings I have recently spent at the theatre. D. W.



## Five Minutes at the Pool

THERE are three men waiting on the top stage of the high-dive.

The first, a stringy man in maroon slippers, is eager to be off; you can see him dancing about on his toes dangerously near the edge, and keenly searching the waters below for a place of entry. But for the moment he is balked. A large fat man floats majestically in the way, motionless except for the rhythmic rise and fall of his frontal areas as he breathes. One notes regretfully that he breathes with his stomach, not his chest. The stringy man would never make a mistake like that. He is a man, as you can see at a glance, who has made a point of breathing with his chest for years, and often, when alone, raises and lowers his arms to assist the process. He probably runs in Richmond Park, too, on winter evenings. But there is no real vice in the man; it is just that he has fallen into the company of hockey-players and other riff-raff and been led astray.

He's off! No, he's still there. Just for a moment one could have sworn he had a chance, when the fat man

swallowed a small wave and sank, but the vacant space was occupied almost immediately by two young women with a duck. The fact is that ducks have no business to be in the deep end at all; down over there with all the motor-tyres is the place for them. Still, this one wanted *lebensraum*, no doubt, and you can't blame it. Even a duck has rights. . . .

Now!

Yes, he really has got off this time. He took hold of his nose with his right hand—don't ask why. Perhaps he was afraid of landing right down among all those stomach-breathers in the shallow end—and gave a prodigious leap into the air. There he goes, down, down, left arm waving and feet kicking and—*Ouch!* His legs were a mile apart when he hit the water—a yard and a half anyway, without exaggeration. What a tragic waste it all seems. Why didn't he join the Army and give his life for something really worth while? Cut him clean in two—must have. They'll give half to the widow and divide the other half among the children. . . .

Well, what about the second man? Why doesn't he go? There he stands in his University costume, head back, feet together, chest out and hands stretched at right angles to the torso, with the thumbs together and the palms downwards. Perfect. But why doesn't he go? There's plenty of room down below. Come on, man. No good waiting for the tide to turn, why not chuck and chance it? No, he seems to be stuck. Hasn't moved a muscle for the last minute and a half. Perhaps he's a Yogi. Practising Yoga on the top board of the high-dive at the Public Baths at three o'clock in the afternoon! What will the Council say? "There's a time and place for everything," probably. Still, joking apart, this is infernally awkward. If the man's really gone rigid how are they going to get him down? Give him a push? No, thanks. One fatality is enough for the afternoon.

Did you see that? He moved. He distinctly lowered his arms and took a quick look at his feet. Now he's back again at Position One, but he's mimbling his feet about a bit, trying to get a firmer grip with his toes. Wasn't quite comfortable, very likely. We've been worrying ourselves sick over nothing. The fact is you've got to have everything just right to pull this one off. All very well to lie about in a deck-chair down here and criticise, but when you're up there on the high-dive about to do something never attempted before in these Baths you've got a right to take your time over it. There! He's started to quiver all over, he's taken a deep breath, he's flexing his knees . . . Won't be many minutes now before he's off.

What did I tell you?

*Splosh!*

Well, if we ever see a worse dive than that we shall be lucky.

NOW for Number Three. Why, he's gone already. Just stood on his hands, turned three back-somersaults and disappeared without trace. Must have slipped or something. And here's another waiting to go. He'll probably—why, bless my soul, it's the stringy man! In person! Not split in half or bleeding at the ears or anything. Simply standing there peering round for a chance to do the whole grisly act over again. And just behind him—can it be? Yes, it is the man in University costume. And just behind him—quick work, laddie, quick work—stands, bronzed and dripping, the fearless back-somersaulter.

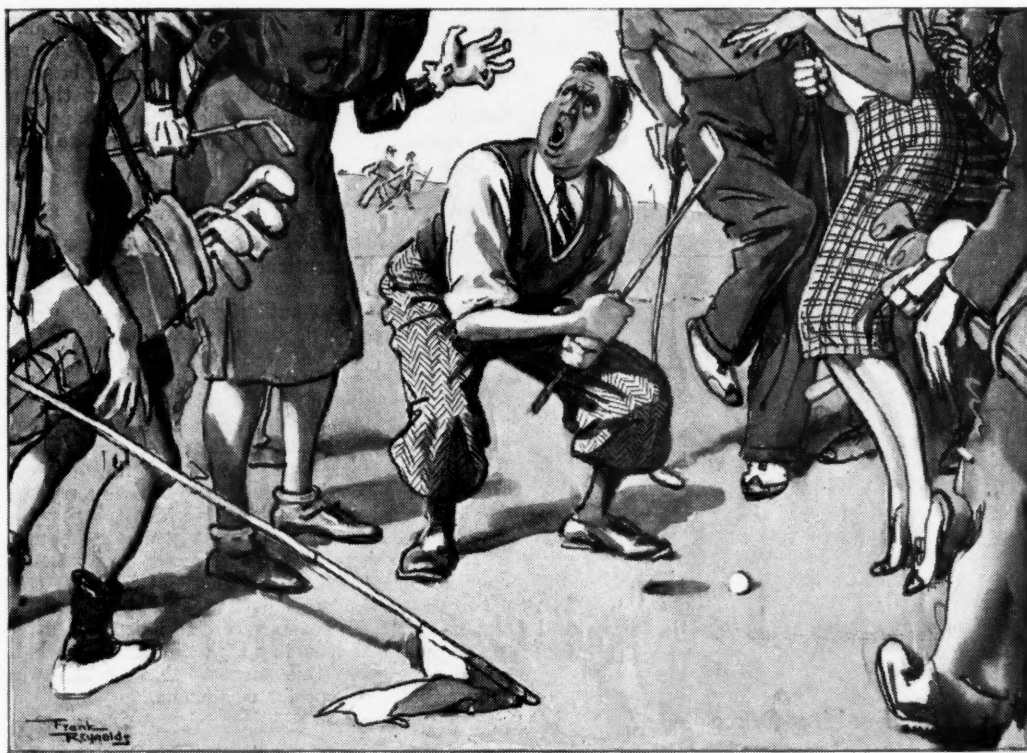
Would you care to see it all through again or shall we join the ladies in the shallow end?

H. F. E.



"And then we spent four years in the West Indies raising cane."





*"You seem to forget it's only a pastime!"*

### *The Show Can Go On.*

**I**F every time I go  
To an Agricultural Show  
I am expected to scan  
The same man,  
Whose apparent profession  
Is following himself in slow succession  
And strictly alphabetically  
And a little pathetically  
Round exactly the same jumping-course  
On only a slightly different horse,  
Which keeps shying  
At the amplifying  
And at hearing "The Donkey Serenade"  
So persistently played;  
And if I so much as suspect him entering  
Even once more the ring  
And knocking down that gate,  
I shall do something desperate.  
I shall take the bull by the horn  
And, rushing past the strongly recommended corn,  
And the antiseptic cow-cake,  
And the robot hay-rake,  
And the all-weather turnip-sprayer,  
And the heat-proof egg-layer,  
And what in my hurry appears to be a high-grade  
Artificial dairymaid.

I shall find  
Myself confronted by the combined  
Horse-clipper,  
Sheep-dipper  
And barley- and butter-  
Cutter,  
Hotly followed by the bean-  
Shelling machine  
And the man demonstrating  
Milk separating,  
And what another drill  
Won't do but his will,  
And what makes his tractor  
An economic factor  
And his plough  
A wow.  
Nothing daunted, I will endure  
A moment of medicated manure  
And find myself visiting  
Enormous balls of string  
Situated as they are anent  
The bulging tent  
From which protrude  
The horse-adoring multitude,  
Struggling to elbow near  
And still more near the bottled beer.



"Yes—beautiful—beautiful."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### "From the Hay-Loft at Alderley"

A SECOND crop of family letters finds *The Stanleys of Alderley* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 18/-) as animated as ever, although MARIA JOSEPHA is now a dowager and the hitherto subdued HENRIETTA MARIA reigns in her stead. The third generation exhibits an affianced couple departing into the woods to cut their names on trees and subsequently exchanging a copy of *The Christian Year* and a deerhound. We hear the bride's brother warning mamma against *Jane Eyre*, we see him taking tea and a mutton-chop before packing for the Crimea. HENRY the heir gets into the penny papers by turning Moslem; more than one STANLEY is perverted to the Romish faith with even more devastating social consequences; and LYULPH, at Eton, develops a Shelleyan attitude towards life, and admonishes mamma on the iniquity of family livings. Luckily mamma, whose notion of coping with "the increased luxury of the age" is to buy "2 hip baths" at Manchester, refuses to be bullied. They are a lively if not, as Miss NANCY MITFORD hints in her preface, an indispensable set of people; and their letters and photographs shed amusing side-lights on the Russia, India and England of 1851 to 1865.

#### Noble Defiance

Most people have by now made up their minds as to the rights and wrongs of the Sino-Japanese struggle. But those who desire exact and up-to-date information will find it in *China Fights for Freedom*, by Dr. ANNA LOUISE STRONG (LINDSAY DRUMMOND, 5/-). This is an admirably compiled volume, presenting geographical, historical and political considerations in extremely readable form. The

author has a first-hand knowledge of her subject and, apart from a slight pro-Russian bias, she is an impartial commentator. In any case the record of British dealings with China is by no means one to be proud of. Most galling of all are the estimates of war materials still being supplied to Japan by Britain and the U.S.A. Now that we have turned away from "appeasement" in Europe we might well consent to lose a little profit for the sake of principle in Asia.

#### Neo-Georgian Housing

*The Book of the Modern House* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 20/-) is a fair if intentionally favourable sampling of what has been built here since 1904. And if it is reassuring to discover on the best authority that concrete wears badly and that three-ply is the favourite haunt of the death-watch beetle, no one can say that Professor PATRICK ABERCROMBIE, as editor, has failed to permit the advocates of modern mediums of expression to say their say. His fourteen colleagues, however, are on the whole traditional-minded. Mr. STANLEY C. RAMSEY, dealing with "The Ready Built House," has the hardest row to hoe. Jerry-designing (he says) is more prevalent than jerry-building—and why not a panel architect to help the poor? At the opposite pole of value is the lady who deals with "The Interior," which must be devoted to Glamour and/or Hygiene and the "dramatizing" of life. In connection with one of the most "functional" of the twelve-score designs in this sumptuous volume it is pleasant to recall that its architect lives in a highly inconvenient eighteenth-century cottage. One suspects that on the whole the "functional" is kept for customers.

#### Player in the Making

A first hasty glance at Mr. JOHN GIELGUD's *Early Stages* (MACMILLAN, 12/6), with its sixteen chapters headed merely with dates from "1904-1912" to "1936," might suggest plenty of scope for the exercise of that sacred egotism which



"You see, Madam, as our popular Suction-Vacco reveals, your place is more or less a pigsty."



## BAROMETRICAL

*Draper.* "LIGHT SUMMER DRESS? YES, M'M. SOLD A GREAT MANY THE LAST FEW DAYS, M'M, THE WEATHER HAVIN' RISEN FROM A FRENCH MERINO TO A GRENADINE!"

*Charles Keene, June 15th, 1867*

is a frequent, perhaps indeed a necessary, part of the born actor's make-up. It is in fact written—and well written—in a very modest mood, and deals as much with the author's failures and limitations as with his acknowledged success and successes. It might serve, indeed, as a wholesome sedative for the stage-struck and as a by no means bad text-book for the serious student; for there is much thoughtful analysis of an actor's problems and hazards. Born, as it were, into the profession under the eye of Grand-mamma (KATE) TERRY, Great-Aunts ELLEN and JULIA, Great-Uncle FRED, Aunt MABEL and Uncle EDWARD, he found opportunity (frankly credited to "influence") earlier than most. Yet there was no easy triumph. On the contrary the young actor found himself balked by handicaps which the rank-and-file escape almost as a matter of course. He lacked, for instance, *Sir Willoughby Patterne's* chief elegance; and he hints at other personal deficiencies with a rare candour. Critics frowned; friends were apprehensive; failures were recorded. When success did come,

with "star-billing" and all that, it brought gratification and encouragement without complacency.

## Life and Literature

In *Arnold Bennett: A Study* (FREDERICK MULLER, 12/6), Professor GEORGES LAFOURCADE has written a book of value to all concerned with the craft of writing. Readers already interested in the personality and the methods of BENNETT will of course get most out of it; but Professor LAFOURCADE must convince anyone that his subject is well worth study, both as writer and as man. The BENNETT writings are grouped under several broad headings, even down to his most trivial work ("By-Products"), and the relation to them of his life, ancestry and experience is examined with penetration. One detail typical of this is Professor LAFOURCADE's remark, after the note that BENNETT was descended from weavers and potters, that "most terms describing the weavers' or the potters' trade may be



applied to the art of ARNOLD BENNETT." For people interested in technique, perhaps the most rewarding part of the book will be the section that shows the skill with which BENNETT suggested without emphasising the slow passage of time in *The Old Wives' Tale*; but the whole book provides entertainment and instruction for the literary-minded, and most readers will agree with Professor LAFOURCADE's great admiration for his subject.

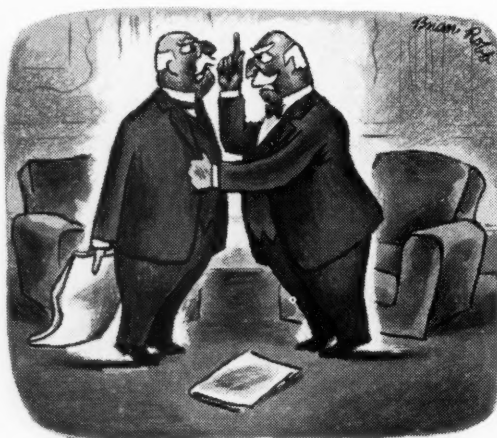
### Mad Millionaire

MR. MACKINLAY KANTOR is an American novelist who wrote some time ago a story of the Civil War that became a "best seller" in his native country. His latest novel—*The Noise of Their Wings* (ROBERT HALE, 7/6)—is remarkable both for subject and handling. It deals with the attempt of E. D. Starke, the millionaire manufacturer of canned soups and similar dainties, to revive the almost extinct breed of the American passenger-pigeon (*Ectopistes migratorius*), formerly seen in countless numbers by AUDUBON and others in the backwoods of Ohio and Kentucky. To this end he had made a firm offer of one hundred thousand dollars to anyone who sent him living specimens of a male and female pigeon of the right species. Years ago, as a small boy, he had been compelled to take part in a tremendous massacre of these birds, and this was perhaps an attempt to kill the memory. The book opens with Dr. Hansen, ornithological expert, Marian Starke, and a clerk from the firm with whom the prize-money had been lodged flying across the southern states to Woxahatchee. The pair of birds had been found, it appears, by one Lamar Kamey, whose sole idea is to draw the cash and get drunk as soon as possible. He does so, soon after their arrival at Starke's yacht, the *Migra*, with tragic results. The whole action of the story occupies no more than seventy hours. A curious book, ably told in very American fashion, but these pigeons are certainly not everybody's meat.

### "B. T."

SIR BASIL THOMSON's autobiography, *The Scene Changes* (COLLINS, 18/-), divides itself roughly into two parts. The first and better deals in the main with his career under the Colonial Office in the South Seas, during which his positions ranged from an Indescribable Something to a Prime Minister. It is all bright, interesting and good fun; one can open it pretty well anywhere. He consorted with ex-cannibals, including one who ascribed his baldness to a brother who disagreed with him, whom he had for moral

reasons eaten. He was mixed up with big sharks, huge alligators, and an impious cassowary that had to be handcuffed. He saw fire-walking, and was a member of a Commission on infant mortality known as "The Keep 'Em Alive-O Commission," which received more instruction than it expected from a most Rabelaisian female witness. The later part of the book is made up principally of extracts from his war diary when he was a member of the C.I.D. It would have been improved by condensation into narrative form. Anyhow the war diary business is getting past mark of tooth nowadays, nor is there much point in reading of perilous strikes or of what politician would or would not serve with or under another when he ought to have been taken by the scruff of the neck and told to serve. And there is a claim made, not by Sir BASIL but on the jacket, which is inaccurate. "B. T." was not Britain's Chief Spy-catcher.



"What you need is a couple of months under a Sergeant-Major."

### Both Sides of the Picture

Though fully alive to the beauties of our countryside, Mr. JOHN MOORE is no sentimentalist, and in *The Countryman's England* (SEELEY, SERVICE, 8/6), which is the latest addition to "The English Scene" series, he says with refreshing frankness that he does not want his "loved fragment of England" to be "preserved" and become a museum-piece. Conceivably this attitude of Mr. MOORE's may offend those who hope that our villages will retain their "quaintness" at whatever cost to health and happiness, but at the same time there is no doubting his real love for the surroundings in which he was born or his sympathy with the people who are his friends and neighbours. Indeed in this volume he is as a writer at his best, for he has to depend more upon his memory than on his imagination. Although he does not ignore unpalatable facts the picture that he has drawn is one over which any lover of sport, natural history and country life will gladly linger.

### An Artful Dodger

*And Death Came Too* (COLLINS, 7/6) does not deserve as many good marks as *Excellent Intentions*, because it is difficult to feel a fervent interest in the people on whom suspicion falls in Mr. RICHARD HULL's tale of mystery and murder. But, to counterbalance the inherent dullness of these candidates for the hangman's noose, Mr. HULL's police, from a business-like Chief Constable to a dangerously ambitious and self-confident youngster, are drawn by a sure and sympathetic hand. Readers of detective stories who like occasionally to solve a problem for themselves are not confronted here with an impossible task.

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